



MAR.
NO. 6



10¢

CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN

IT'S JUNE!
SHE'S BECOME
A SORCERESS--
AND SHE'S TURNED
ROCKY AND RED
TO STONE!

DEC 11



**"The
SORCERERS
of FORBIDDEN
VALLEY!"**

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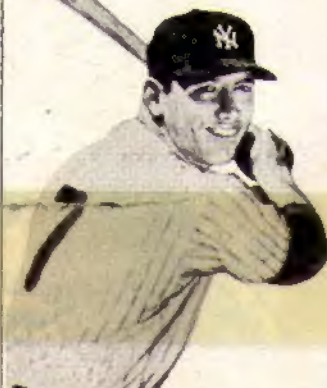
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CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN

WE CAN'T HOLD
OFF THESE DEADLY
FINS FOR LONG--
THERE'S ONLY **ONE**
HOPE OF RESTRAINING
THIS BRUTE BEFORE
HE DESTROYS US!

BEHOLD! THE GREATEST
TEAM IN THE UNIVERSE
UNITING TO TEST THEIR
TEAMWORK AGAINST
**QUADRO-- THE FOUR-
FINNED DEMON!**

THE ROAR OF
THE CROWD
ECHOED AND
RE-ECHOED THROUGH
THE AMPHITHEATRE!
FOR THIS WAS THE
GREATEST ACT OF
THE GREATEST SHOW
IN THE UNIVERSE!
AND THE FAMED
CHALLENGERS WERE
PLAYING FOR THEIR
VERY LIVES WHEN
THEY BECAME...

CAPTIVES of the SPACE CIRCUS

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AND AS THE STARTLING WORLD-RINGING MESSAGE REACHES THE EARS OF THE FAMED MEMBERS OF THE DARING QUARTET...

ACE MORGAN-- CRACK JET PILOT

ROCKY DAVIS-- CHAMPION WRESTLER

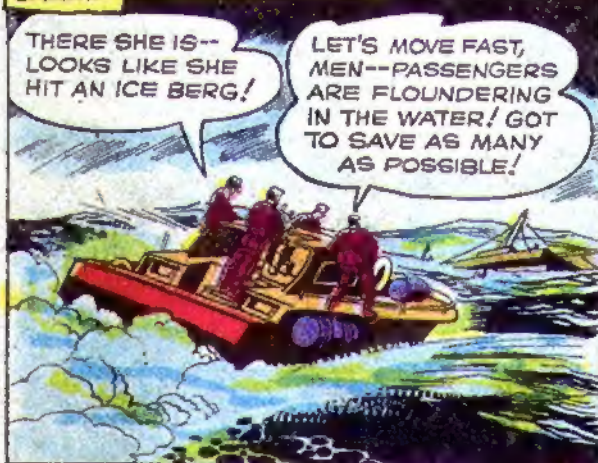


RED RYAN-- DAREDEVIL ACROBAT

PROF. HALEY-- EXPERT SKINDIVER

SOS--YOUR ASSISTANCE IS NEEDED-- SOS-- COME AT ONCE--

SOON AFTER, THE REUNITED TEAM CUTS THROUGH ROUGH WATERS IN ANSWER TO THE DISTRESS CALL...



BUT SUDDENLY, AS THE FOUR ADVENTURERS HIT THE WATER ...



ABRUPTLY, A BRILLIANT, SEARING LIGHT STREAKS DOWN TOWARD THE SEA ...



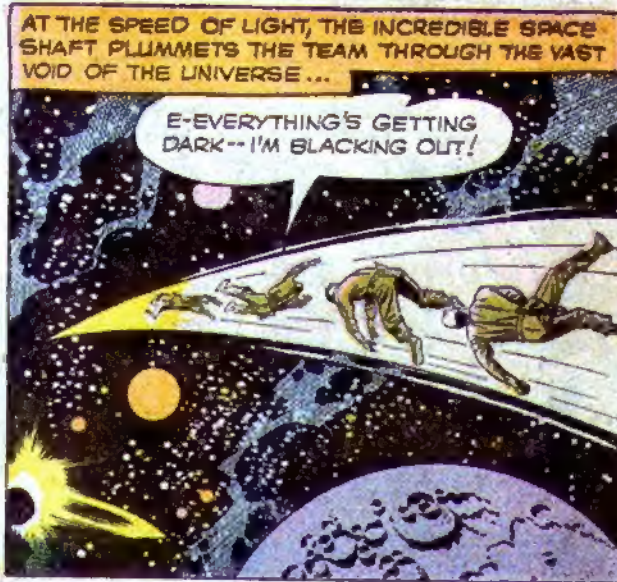


CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN



W-WE'RE IN **ZERO GRAVITY!** THIS WAS A TRAP TO SEIZE US!

BUT **WHERE** ARE WE BEING DRAWN?



AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE INCREDIBLE SPACE SHAFT PLUMMETS THE TEAM THROUGH THE VAST VOID OF THE UNIVERSE ...

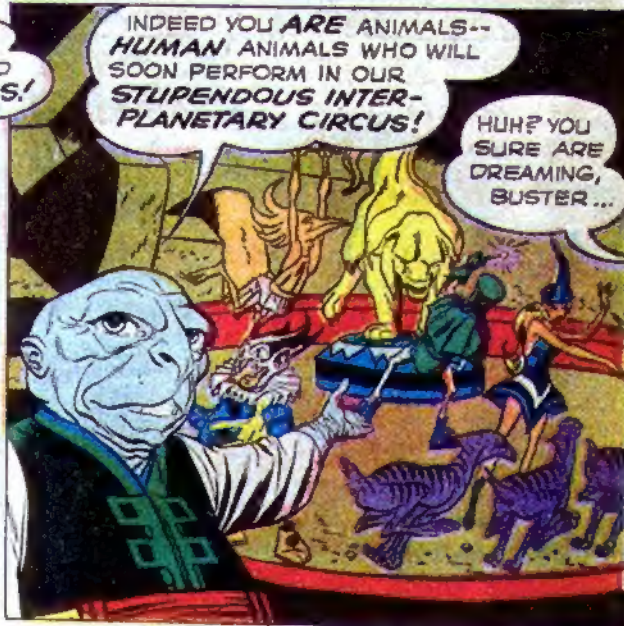
E-EVERYTHING'S GETTING DARK-- I'M BLACKING OUT!



AND, FINALLY, WHEN THE CLOAK OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS LIFTS ...

YOU SEE--I TOLD YOU THESE FOUR MOST POWERFUL EARTHLINGS WOULD ANSWER OUR TRICK CALL FOR HELP! THEY ARE HONOR-BOUND TO HELP ALL THOSE IN DISTRESS!

PROF, LOOK! WE'RE CAGED LIKE **ANIMALS!**



INDEED YOU **ARE** ANIMALS-- **HUMAN** ANIMALS WHO WILL SOON PERFORM IN OUR **STUPENDOUS INTER-PLANETARY CIRCUS!**

HUH? YOU SURE ARE DREAMING, BUSTER ...



...NOBODY CAN MAKE **ME** PERFORM IN YOUR CRAZY CIRCUS!

AH, SO, MY EARTHLING FRIEND! WE SHALL **SEE** ABOUT THAT!



TOMORROW YOU SHALL HEAR MY COMMANDS VIA THE LANGUAGE DISK WHICH HANGS ABOVE YOUR CAGE! AND BELIEVE ME ... YOU SHALL DO MY BIDDING!

AN INGENUOUS DEVICE THAT TRANSLATES LANGUAGES... SO THAT'S HOW WE'RE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER!

CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN

NEXT MORNING, A GREAT CROWD AWAITS AS THE CHALLENGERS ARE PRODDED DOWN A CIRCUS CHUTE...



AND NOW, FOR OUR GREATEST ACT--FOUR EARTH-FAMED PERFORMERS! THE GREATEST TEAM IN ALL THE UNIVERSE WILL DISPLAY THEIR TALENTS!

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS! WE'RE NOT GOING TO PERFORM FOR ANYONE...

YEOW!

BUT THEN, AS THE FLOOR OF THE AMPHITHEATRE SLIDES BACK...



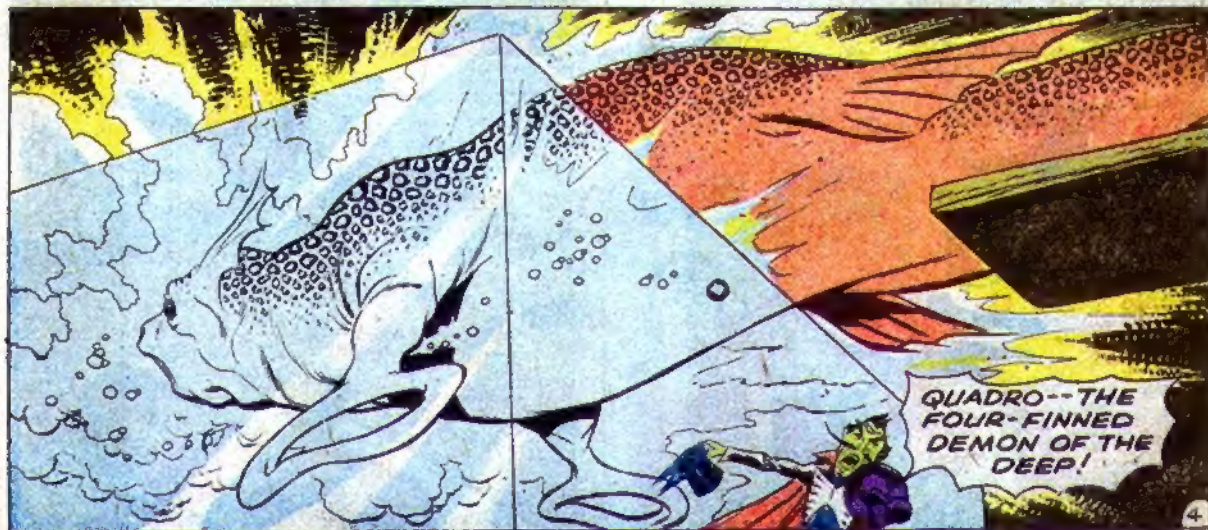
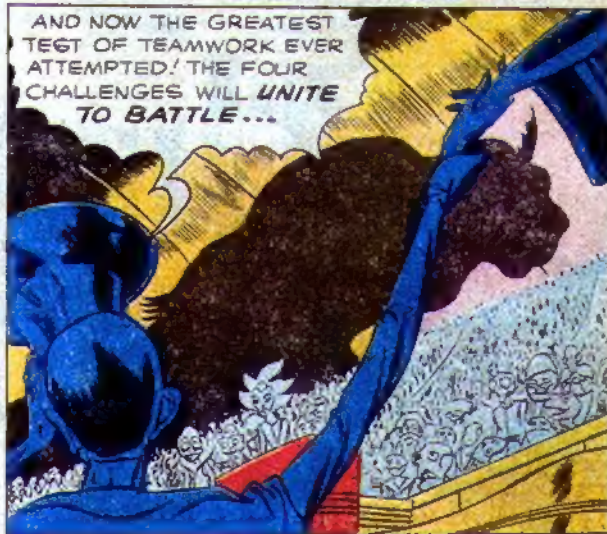
W-WE'RE BEING PROPELLED INTO A FISH-BOWL TANK!

ABRUPTLY, THE CROWD STARES STUNNED AS...



LOOK! LOOK WHAT THEY'RE DUMPING INTO THE WATER WITH US!

AND NOW THE GREATEST TEST OF TEAMWORK EVER ATTEMPTED! THE FOUR CHALLENGES WILL UNITE TO BATTLE...



QUADRO--THE FOUR-FINNED DEMON OF THE DEEP!



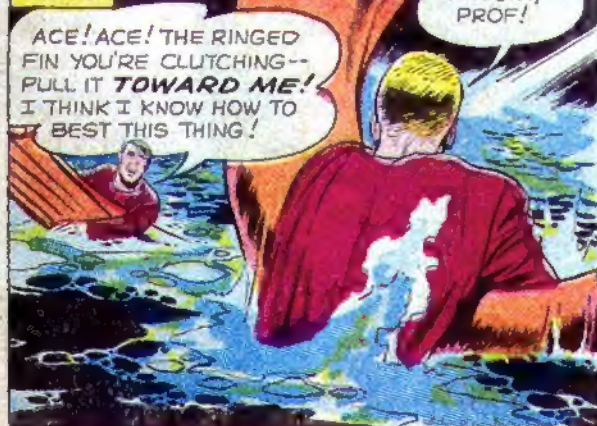
AND AS THE TEAM DESPERATELY ATTEMPTS TO CONFINE THE DEADLY FINS OF THE BEAST...



AS PROF IS PLUNGED BELOW THE SURFACE, HIS AGILE MIND CLICKS...



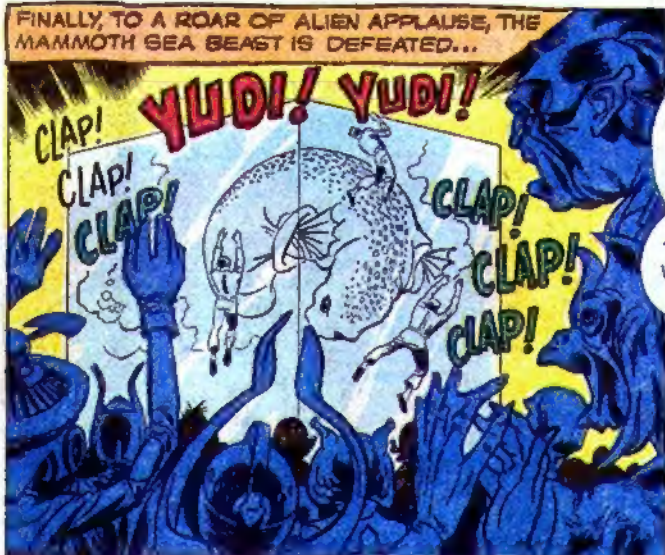
THEN...



AND AS THE TWO STRAIN TO JOIN FORCES...



FINALLY, TO A ROAR OF ALIEN APPLAUSE, THE MAMMOTH SEA BEAST IS DEFEATED...



AND AS TARTAN, THE RING-MASTER, IS PRAISED BY THE CIRCUS OWNER...

WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL! THIS SHALL BE OUR BIG ACT, TARTAN! WE SHALL TOUR THE GALAXIES TESTING THE GREAT TEAM-WORK OF THE CHALLENGERS WITH DIFFERENT DANGERS!

LISTEN TO THAT, MEN!



SOON AFTER, AS THE CHALLENGERS ARE CAGED ABOARD A BIZARRE SPACE CRAFT...

A GIANT ROCKET--MADE INTO A FLYING CIRCUS TRAIN!

YIPE! THEY MUST BE PLANNING TO ROCKET US FROM GALAXY TO GALAXY TO PERFORM LIKE ANIMALS! LOOK AT THOSE STRANGE BEINGS FROM OTHER PLANETS!

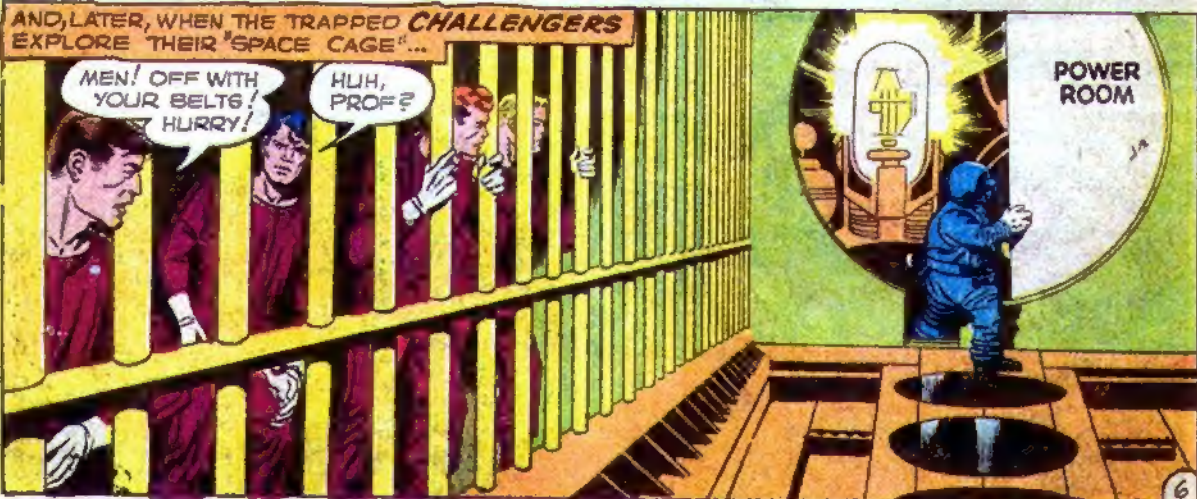


AND, LATER, WHEN THE TRAPPED CHALLENGERS EXPLORE THEIR "SPACE CAGE"...

MEN! OFF WITH YOUR BELTS! HURRY!

HUH, PROF?

POWER ROOM



THAT'S AN ION PROPULSION TUBE!
THIS ROCKET TRAVELS AT THE
SPEED OF LIGHT BY
ABSORBING MINUTE
MATTER FROM SPACE
AND TURNING IT INTO
FORCE BEAMS!



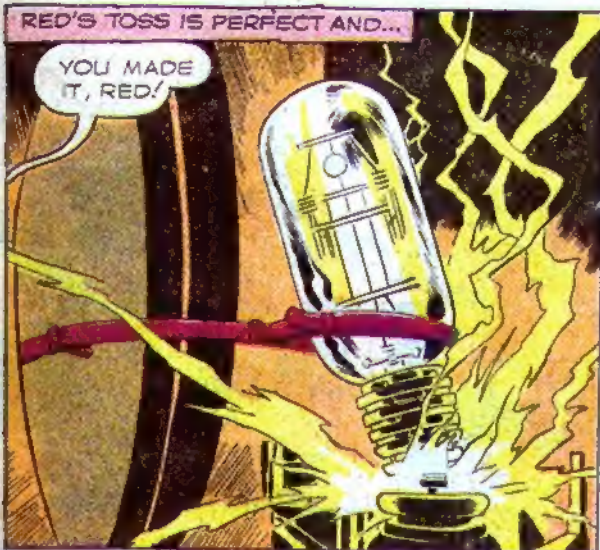
IF WE CAN SMASH THE ION
POWER TUBE, THE CRAFT
WILL BE **SHORT-CIRCUITED!**
THEY'LL HAVE TO GLIDE TO THE
NEAREST
ASTEROID!

AND THAT MAY GIVE US A
CHANCE FOR ESCAPE!
I'LL TAKE OVER,
PROF!



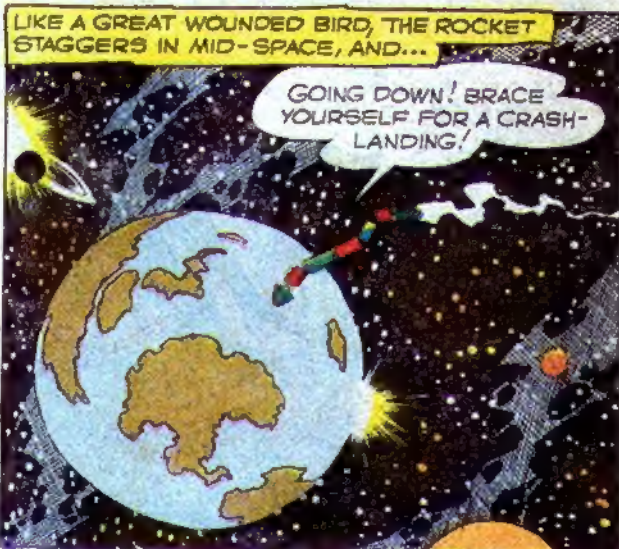
RED'S TOSS IS PERFECT AND...

YOU MADE
IT, RED!



LIKE A GREAT WOUNDED BIRD, THE ROCKET
STAGGERS IN MID-SPACE, AND...

GOING DOWN! BRACE
YOURSELF FOR A CRASH-
LANDING!



THEN, TENSE MINUTES LATER...

WE'RE IN LUCK! THERE'S A
CRACK LARGE ENOUGH FOR
US TO CRAWL THROUGH! LET'S
GO--BEFORE THE GUARDS
CAN GET THEIR WITS TOGETHER!



OH, NO...NO!

HA, HA! HO, HO!





THAT'S RIGHT, CHALLENGERS--YOUR CLEVER SABOTAGE TRICK SET US DOWN RIGHT WHERE WE INTENDED TO LAND! THIS IS THE OUTER CIRCUS'S FIRST STOP...THE METEOR ARENA!

OUCH! WHAT TIMING!



LATER, AS THE HELPLESS TEAM IS LED DOWN A CHUTE TO THE ARENA...

OUR FIRST ACT WILL BE A GAME OF SKILL BY PERFORMERS FROM THE TWIN PLANETS, ZAKA AND TAKA! PREPARE THE ARENA!

HMMM! IT APPEARS WE'RE TO BE ON LAST THIS TIME, LADS!

AND, SHORTLY, AS A STRANGE PERFORMANCE BEGINS...

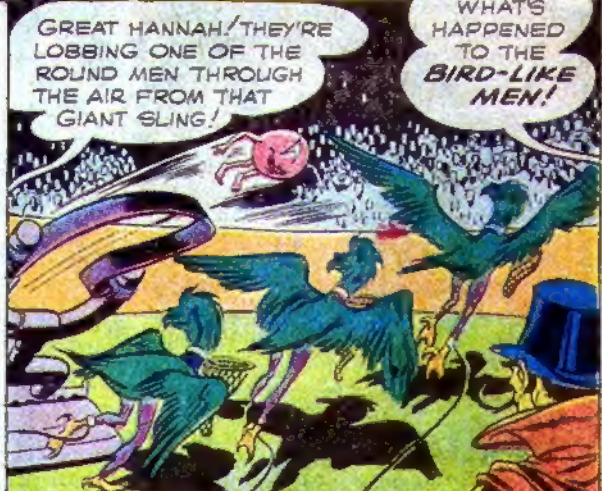
LITTLE **ROUND MEN** GOING TO ONE END OF THE ARENA AND ALIENS WITH **WINGS** TO THE OTHER! WOW! WHAT KIND OF ACT IS **THIS** GOING TO BE?



A GIANT BELL CLANGS AND...

GREAT HANNAH! THEY'RE LOBBING ONE OF THE ROUND MEN THROUGH THE AIR FROM THAT GIANT SLING!

AND LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE **BIRD-LIKE MEN!**



A LIVING GAME OF PITCH AND CATCH! AND THOSE BIRD-MEN ARE SHACKLED BY WEIGHTS TO MAKE IT HARDER!



THEY MUST BE CAPTIVES OF THIS WILD CIRCUS AS WE ARE, PROF!

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.

Just ONE SECOND!

THAT'S THE TIME
IT TAKES
FOR...

The RHEA
(FASTEST
BIRD ON
TWO FEET)
TO RUN
60 FEET!



The CHEETAH
(SPEED KING OF THE
ANIMAL WORLD)
TO DASH
100 FEET!



The DUCK HAWK
(FASTEST
FLYING
BIRD)
TO WHIZ
260 FEET!



**A LIGHTNING
BOLT**
TO TRAVEL
186,234 MILES!



but *The* **FLASH**

WORLD'S FASTEST HUMAN

CAN MOVE FASTER IN
ONE SECOND THAN
ALL THESE SPEEDS--
COMBINED!

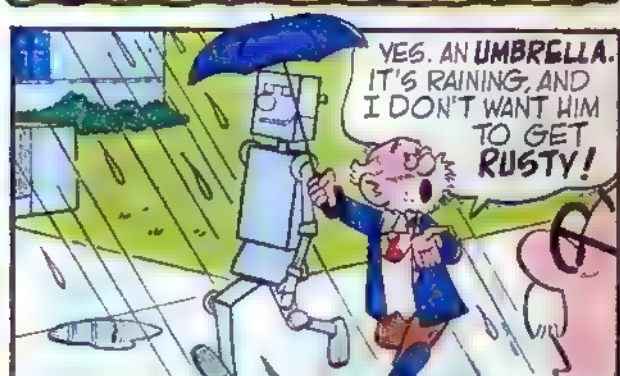
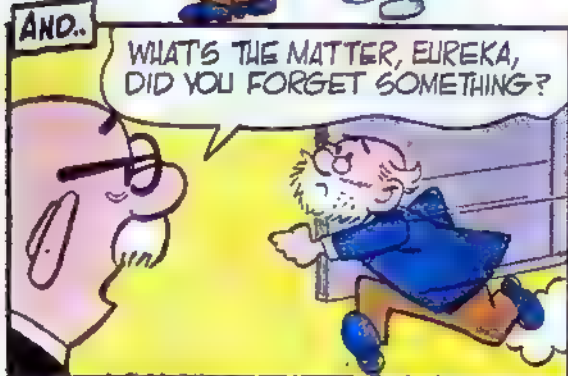
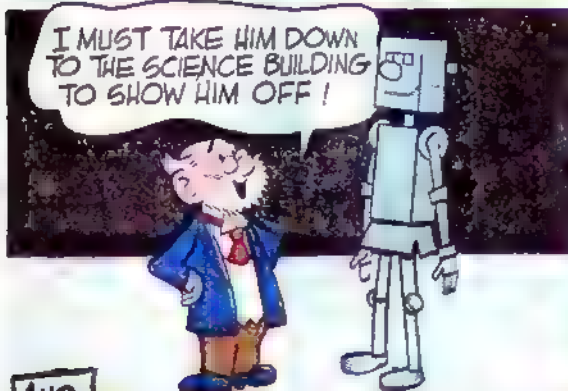
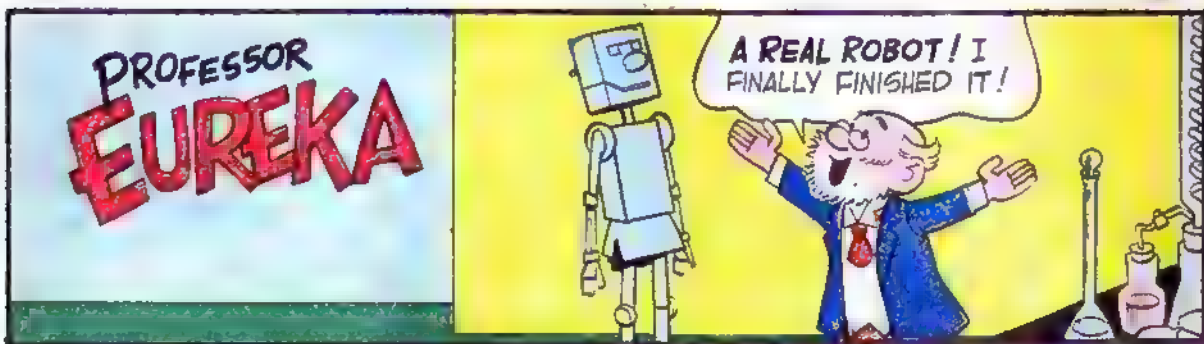
YOU'LL GET THE THRILL-
OF-A-LIFETIME WHEN YOU
READ THE WHIRLWIND
ADVENTURES OF...
**THE FASTEST
MAN ALIVE**
IN THIS **NEW DC**
MAGAZINE!

ON SALE
AT YOUR
FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND
DECEMBER
23rd





CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN



STATEMENT REQUIRED by the ACT of AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED by the ACTS of MARCH 3, 1933, and JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN, published bi-monthly at Sparta, Illinois for October 1, 1958.

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J. S. Liebowitz, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of Sept., 1958
Daniel Epstein, Notary Public

(My commission expires March 30, 1959)

SUDDENLY, AS ONE OF THE "PERFORMERS" MOVES NEAR THE **CHALLENGERS'** CHUTE ...

QUICKLY, STRANGER... TELL ME IF YOUR PEOPLE PERFORM HERE OF **THEIR OWN FREE WILL!**

NO... NO, EARTHLING...

CONTINUED...

...WE HAVE NO CHOICE! WE ARE CAGED LIKE ANIMALS TO DO THE BIDDING OF THE RINGMASTER OR DIE!

AH! SO IT IS WITH US! NOW LISTEN CLOSELY-- TELL YOUR FELLOW PERFORMERS **EXACTLY** WHAT I SAY AND WE MAY **ALL** GO FREE!

AND SHORTLY...

HE'S PASSING YOUR MESSAGE ON TO ONE OF THE BIRD-MEN, ACE! DO YOU THINK YOUR PLAN WILL WORK?

IT MUST... IT **MUST, ROCKY!** IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

THEN...

AND NOW THE MIGHTY EARTHLINGS-- **THE CHALLENGERS,** SHALL ENTER THE ARENA TO PERFORM FOR YOU!

THIS IS IT, ACE! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

AND AS THE **CHALLENGERS'** CHUTE OPENS...

SPLIT UP! PROF, ROCKY-- SEIZE THOSE SLINGS!

RIGHT, ACE!



CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN



QUICKLY, ACE AND RED SLAM INTO THE STARTLED GUARDS...

FOOLS! THE ARENA HAS A HUNDRED GUARDS-- YOU CANNOT ESCAPE!

A LANCE-- GRAB A LANCE, RED!

FRANTICALLY, THE PAIR RACE TOWARD THE WINGED MEN...

WE ARE WITH YOU, EARTHINGS! HURRY!

AND ACROSS THE ARENA...

WE'RE TAKING OVER, BUSTER!

ACE AND RED HAVE FREED THE FLYING MEN! WE'RE READY FOR 'OPERATION ESCAPE', ROCKY!

BUT, AT THIS MOMENT, A FORMIDABLE FORCE FORMS AT THE ARENA EXIT...

STOP! YOU ARE TRAPPED! AND THE FIRST BIRD-MAN WHO SEEKS TO FLY OVER THE WALL WILL BE SHOT!

ALL FOR ONE...

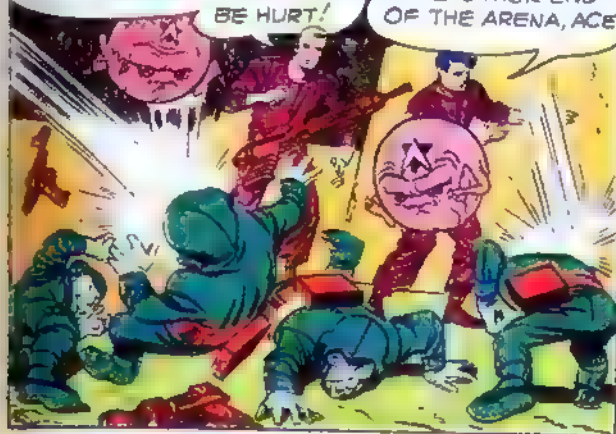
...AND ONE...

...FOR ALL!

ABRUPTLY, THE SOLID, ROUND BODIES HURTLE ACROSS THE ARENA AND...

OPENING ASSAULT... **PERFECT!** THOSE ROUND MEN ARE LIKE RUBBER--THEY CAN'T BE HURT!

BUT MORE GUARDS ARE POURING INTO THE OTHER END OF THE ARENA, ACE!



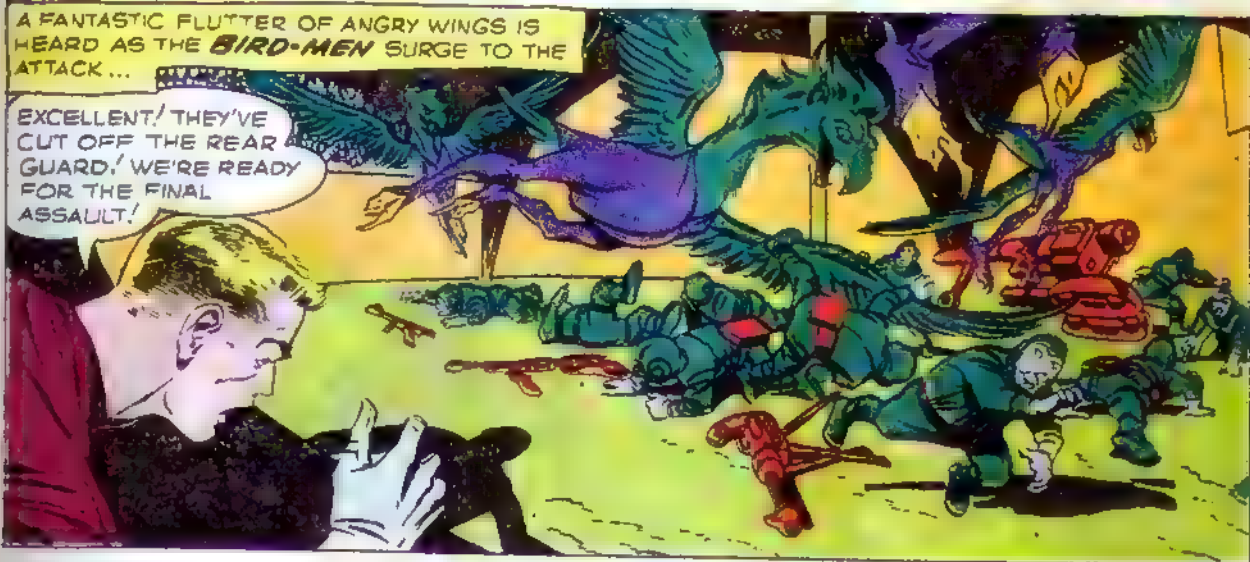
NOW, FLYING MEN, NOW! BEGIN OPERATION #2!

WE ARE READY, EARTHLING!



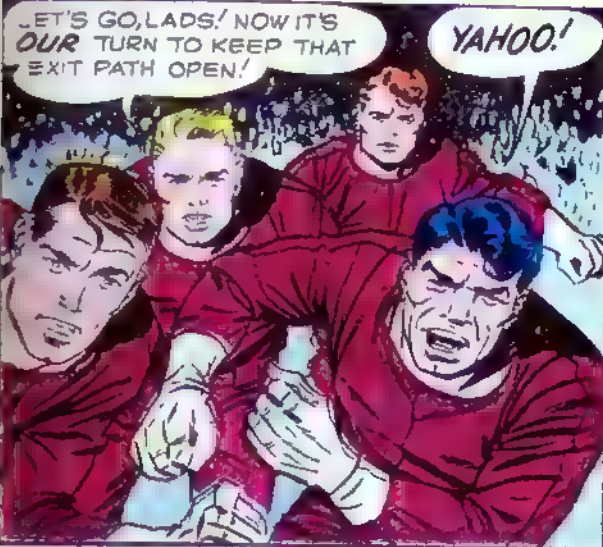
A FANTASTIC FLUTTER OF ANGRY WINGS IS HEARD AS THE **BIRD-MEN** SURGE TO THE ATTACK...

EXCELLENT! THEY'VE CUT OFF THE REAR GUARD! WE'RE READY FOR THE FINAL ASSAULT!



LET'S GO, LADS! NOW IT'S **OUR** TURN TO KEEP THAT EXIT PATH OPEN!

YAHOO!



A SOLID WALL OF **CHALLENGER** FLESH HITS THE CONFUSED GUARDS AT THE EXIT...

GOT TO KEEP THE EXIT UNTIL **EVERY** MAN HAS ESCAPED!

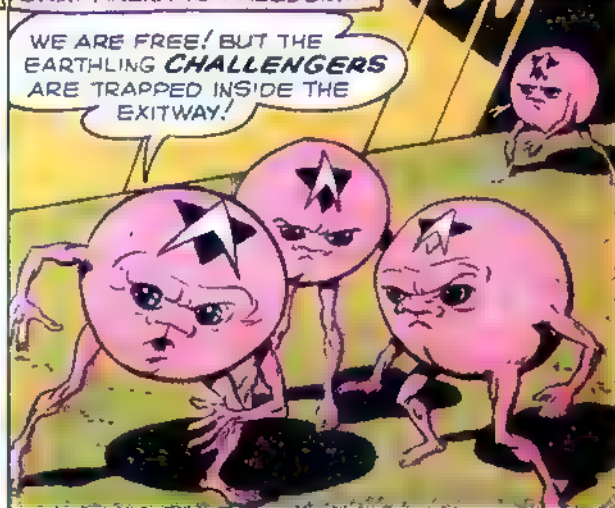


UP ABOVE, THE INCREDIBLE FLYING MEN AID THE CHALLENGERS WITH THEIR POWERFUL WINGS...



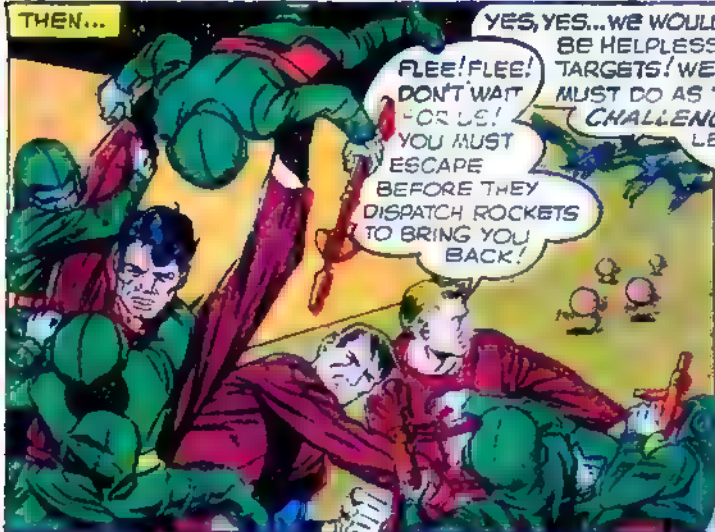
WE'VE GOT A PERFECT ONE-TWO PUNCH--THE WINGS ARE KEEPING THE GUARDS OFF BALANCE!

ONE BY ONE, THE ROUND MEN ROLL OUT OF THE GRIM ARENA TO FREEDOM...



WE ARE FREE! BUT THE EARTHLING CHALLENGERS ARE TRAPPED INSIDE THE EXITWAY!

THEN...



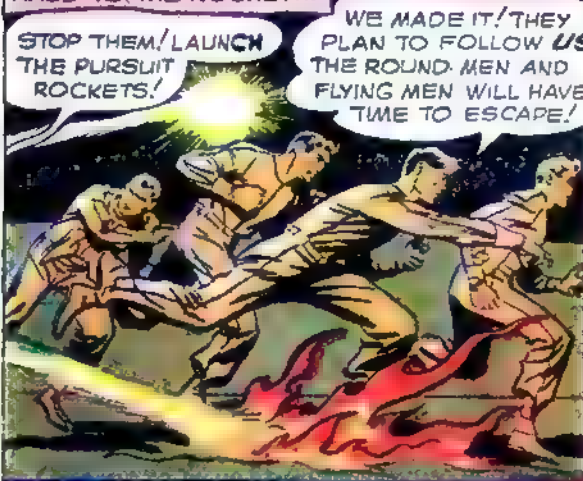
FLEE! FLEE! DON'T WAIT FOR US! YOU MUST ESCAPE BEFORE THEY DISPATCH ROCKETS TO BRING YOU BACK!

YES, YES...WE WOULD BE HELPLESS TARGETS! WE MUST DO AS THE CHALLENGER LEADER SAYS!

CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF MUCH LONGER, ACE!

MAKE A BREAK FOR THE CIRCUS TRAIN ROCKET, LADS! IT'S BEEN REPAIRED--AND I KNOW HOW TO OPERATE IT!

AMID A HAIL OF FIRE, THE CHALLENGERS RACE TO THE ROCKET...



STOP THEM! LAUNCH THE PURSUIT ROCKETS!

WE MADE IT! THEY PLAN TO FOLLOW US--THE ROUND MEN AND FLYING MEN WILL HAVE TIME TO ESCAPE!

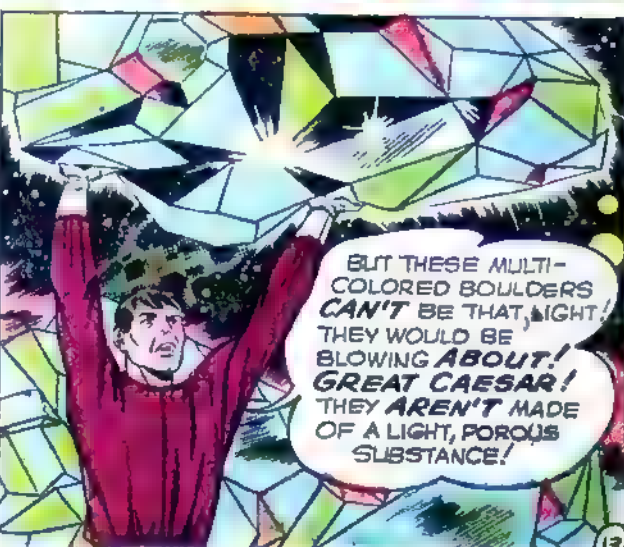
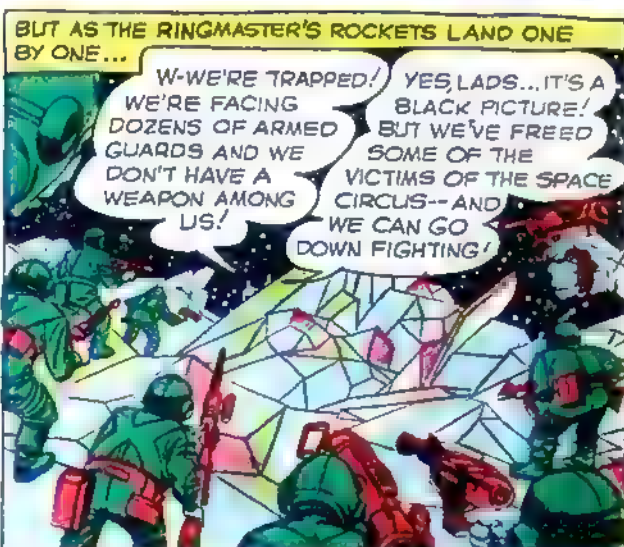
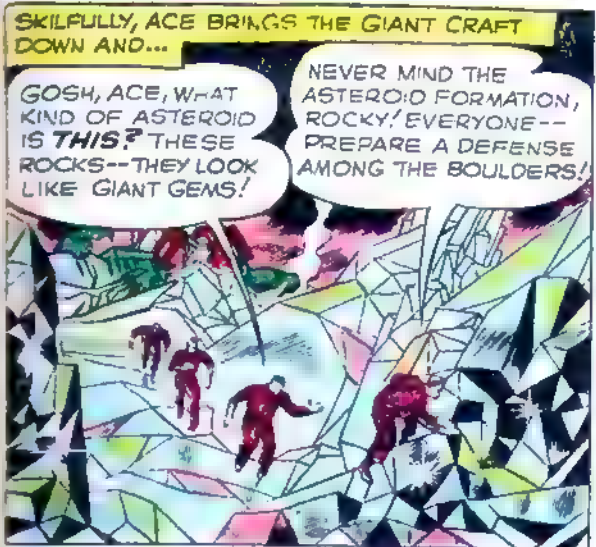
SECONDS AFTERWARD, AS THE GIANT CIRCUS TRAIN ROCKET STREAKS FROM THE PLANET...

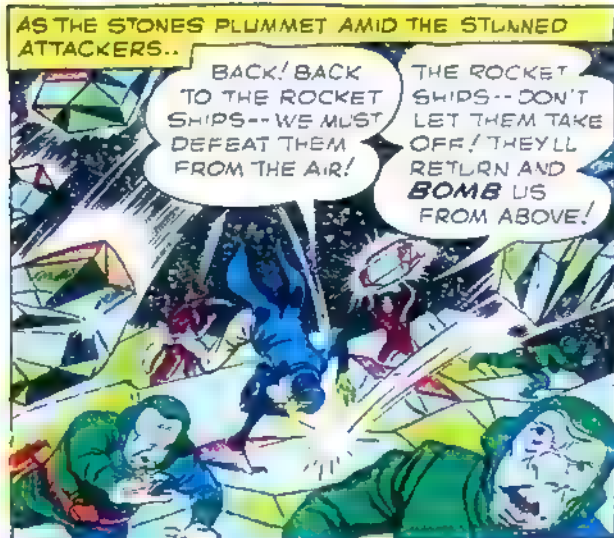
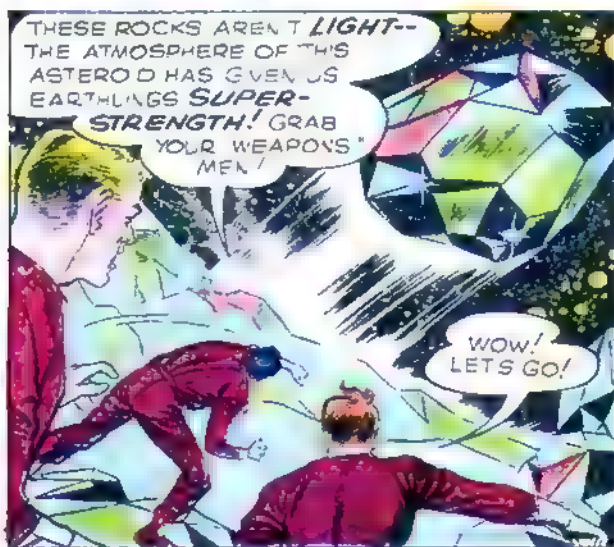
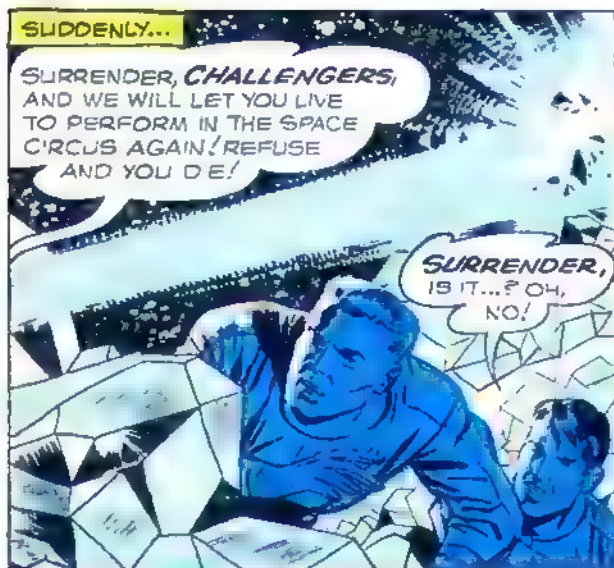


THEY'RE HOT BEHIND US, ACE! WE CAN'T HOPE TO OUTPACE THEM IN THIS HEAVY CARGO ROCKET!



CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN





THEN, AS ROCKY SCALES THE SLATE-LIKE ROCK WITH A THOUSAND TIMES HIS EARTH STRENGTH...

GOOD THROW, ROCKY! WE'VE GOT THEM!



AS THE RINGMASTER FACES COMPLETE DEFEAT...

YOU'VE CUT OFF OUR MEANS OF LEAVING THE ASTEROID! W-WE'RE TRAPPED HERE!

OH, NO YOU'RE NOT, MY FRIEND! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU BACK IN **STYLE!**



AND, LATER, AS CROWDS GREET THE RETURNING CIRCUS ROCKET...

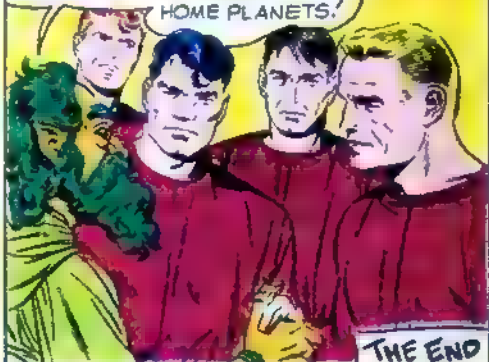
AND SO YOU SEE, MY FRIENDS, THESE MEN WERE NOT PRESENTING A TRUE SPACE CIRCUS! THEY **ABDUCTED** THEIR PERFORMERS FROM OTHER GALAXIES AND **FORCED** THEM TO ACT FOR YOU!

WHY, THEY ARE **CRIMINALS!** WE DIDN'T KNOW, EARTHLING! THEY TOLD US **YOU** WERE CRIMINALS!



AS LEADER OF THIS PLANET, YOU HAVE MY WORD THEY SHALL BE PLACED UNDER SPACE ARREST! AND YOU SHALL ALL BE RETURNED TO YOUR HOME PLANETS!

THAT'S ONE FLIGHT IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO MAKE!



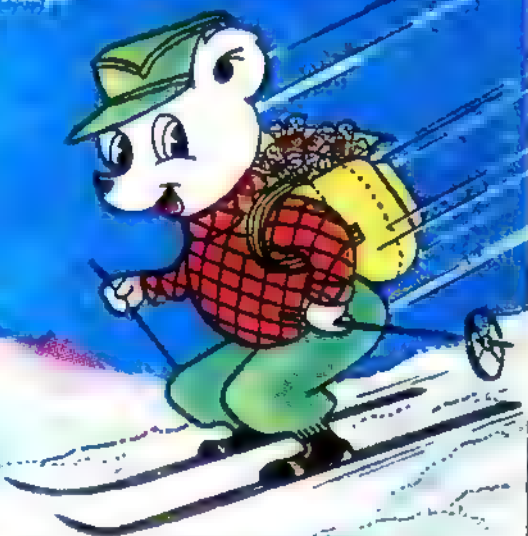
THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

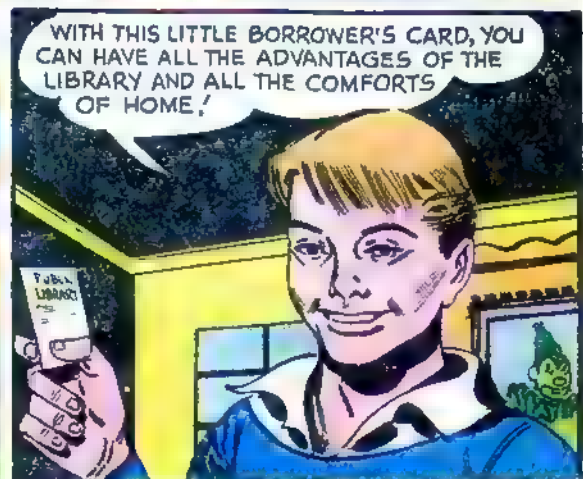
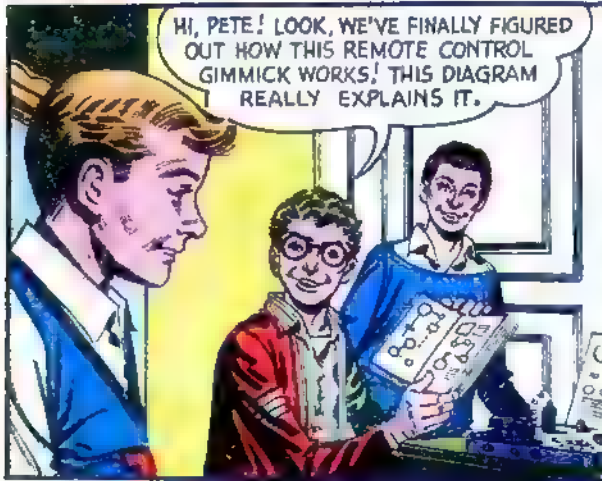
Said a daring young ski-champ named Andy:
"I take chances on slopes, not on candy!
When it comes to good taste,
I've no time to waste.
I always keep **Tootsie Rolls** handy"



AMERICA'S FAVORITE CANDY



The MAGIC CARD!



PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE ASSEMBLY,
COORDINATING ORGANIZATION FOR NATIONAL HEALTH, WELFARE AND RECREATION AGENCIES OF THE U.S.

MOOLAH the MYSTIC

I PACKED A NICE LUNCH.
LET'S GO ON A PICNIC!

BUT THE WEATHER REPORT ON
THE RADIO SAID RAIN TODAY!

BAH!

I GAZED INTO MY
CRYSTAL BALL AND ALL
I COULD SEE WAS THE
SUN SHINING TODAY!

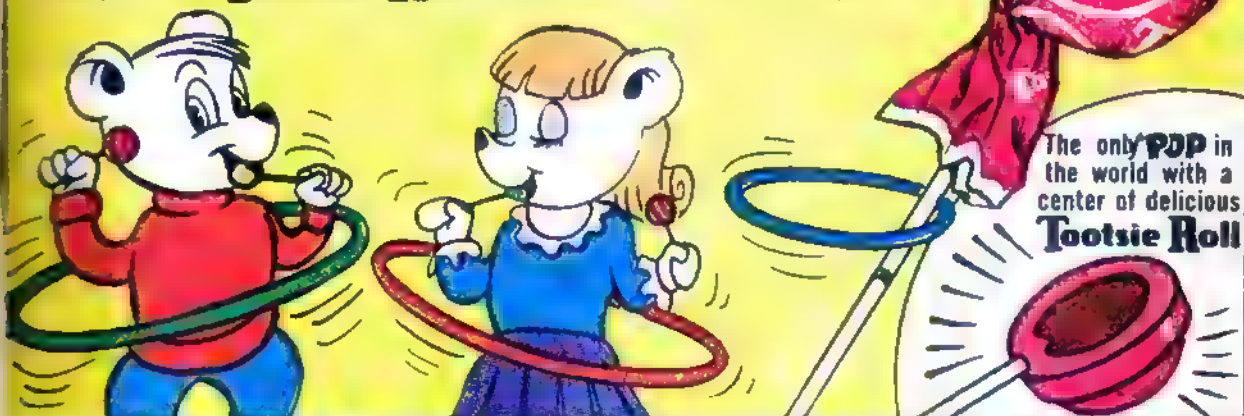
AND..

THERE! ISN'T THIS
A LOVELY DAY?

NEXT TIME SAVE YOUR
PREDICTIONS FOR YOUR
CUSTOMERS, BIG MOUTH!

ADVERTISEMENT

There was a hoop whirler named Wynn,
Who'd whirl hoops with his girl friend named Lynn.
Once the game had begun,
To add to their fun,
They'd eat **Tootsie Roll POPS** while they'd spin!



BATTLE UNDER THE SEA

BOB WALLING made a last-minute check of his diving mask, rubber suit over heavy woolen underwear, the two air tanks strapped on his back. Then, he cradled his camera and leaped over the port side. Down below, I was sure that he would shoot some stunning pictures of the *S. S. Elena Maria*, which had gone down in the Caribbean after its 121 passengers and entire crew had been rescued. I was sure, as always, his undersea pictures would appear on the cover of one of the nation's leading photo magazines as well as occupy a half-dozen pages inside. I was sure, too, that I was in for another ribbing, because Bob Walling had the greatest opinion of himself. No skin-diving cameraman belonged to his one-man league.

Previous tests had revealed the undercurrents to be severe, and visibility at about 50 feet. Because of the currents and the 170-foot depth, I had advised Bob to confine himself to only one dive a day. But he had scoffed at these warnings, because the greater challenge lay in photographing that half of the ship which had broken off and sunk further below.

Bob had touted his invincibility so long and often that I must confess I'd begun to believe it. But when he did not reappear 45 minutes later, I decided to scour below, anticipating his ridicule when we surfaced, but, all the same, prodded by the possibility of disaster having overtaken him.

I patted my compressed air tank reassuringly and went over the side. At 172 feet, the *Elena Maria* lay, or, rather, there was half of her. Fighting the currents, I swam around her, along the decks, and into the compartments. It was obvious that Bob had descended further, his ambition rejecting all risks.

I continued to go down until the murky waters revealed the other half nestling in a crevasse. The buzzing in my ears suggested a reading of my gauge. 280 feet! This was 20 feet short of "the extreme boundary" of safe compressed-air diving, which had been

attained some years ago by a French Navy captain named Cousteau!

Fear of Bob's fate made my water-chilled body perspire. But that was only momentary, for, after a wild search around the aft end of the ship, I surged into the ship's interior—to find him photographing what must have been the main lounge. But the relief of seeing him alive abruptly died when I saw his mouthpiece dangling loosely on his chest. Nitrogen narcosis, "the rapture of the deep", I knew at once, had claimed him. It was imperative that Bob be brought up immediately, or he would die.

Bob put up a savage fight. Lulled into false security by the sickness that had struck him, he battled to remain below with such intensity that once he almost tore my mouthpiece free. But I held him firm, at last, inflated a rescue pack and hung onto him until we surfaced. It was just in time, because already I had begun to weaken from carbon dioxide poisoning.

It was with pardonable pride that I entered his projection room the next day. But my joy was short-lived. "You shouldn't have come down, feller," he greeted me. "That was beyond your depth. I had a tough time rescuing you. If I hadn't been around, carbon dioxide would've killed you," he added, darkening the room. How can you convince a man like that?

On the screen, the films sprang to life, impressive, exquisite scenes that only a man like Bob Walling was capable of taking. And all at once, there I was, grappling with Bob, his mouthpiece loose, evidencing every symptom of a man in the grips of nitrogen narcosis. Both of us watched, fascinated and puzzled. And suddenly, the explanation became clear. Bob had taken the shots in the mirrored lounge, and his camera had been running during our fight!

"I guess I wasn't that good," said Bob, contritely, after turning off the projector.

"Yes, you are, because it takes a man to admit it," I said.

CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN



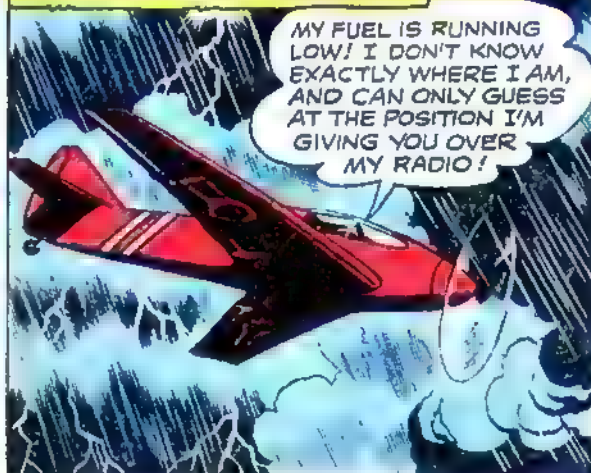
LOOK! JUNE
MERELY GESTURED
AT THE HILLSIDE,
AND IT BURST
OPEN--

--CREATING
A RIVER THAT'S
GOING TO DELUGE
US!

IT LAY OUT THERE IN THE VASTNESS OF THE OCEAN, A TINY ISLAND FORGOTTEN BY THE OUTSIDE WORLD! BUT THEN SOMETHING STARTLING OCCURRED THAT BLASTED ITS SERENITY AND DEVELOPED INTO THE WEIRDEST ASSIGNMENT EVER UNDERTAKEN BY THE CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN WHEN THEY FELL UNDER THE SPELL OF...

**THE
SORCERESS OF
FORBIDDEN
VALLEY**

BATTLING HELPLESSLY AGAINST A RAGING STORM, A SMALL PLANE IS BLOWN FARTHER AND FARTHER OFF-COURSE...



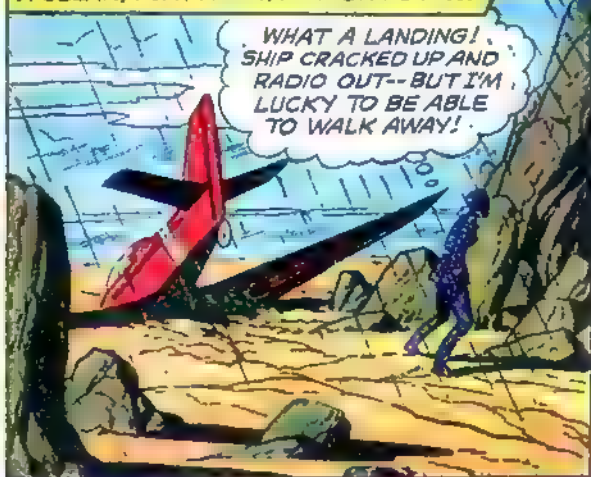
MY FUEL IS RUNNING LOW! I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHERE I AM, AND CAN ONLY GUESS AT THE POSITION I'M GIVING YOU OVER MY RADIO!

YES, THIS IS QUITE A PREDICAMENT FOR JUNE ROBBINS--UNOFFICIAL FIFTH MEMBER OF THAT INTREPID GROUP KNOWN AS THE CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN...



WAIT! THERE ARE NO KNOWN ISLANDS WITHIN HUNDREDS OF MILES OF HERE! YET, I DO SEE AN ISLAND BELOW! FUEL IS ALL GONE... WILL TRY A FORCED LANDING...

SKIMMING OVER RUGGED PEAKS, JUNE SPOTS A CLEAR, FLAT AREA, AND SKIDS IN...



WHAT A LANDING! SHIP CRACKED UP AND RADIO OUT-- BUT I'M LUCKY TO BE ABLE TO WALK AWAY!

IN A NEARBY CAVERN, SHE TAKES REFUGE FROM THE STORM...

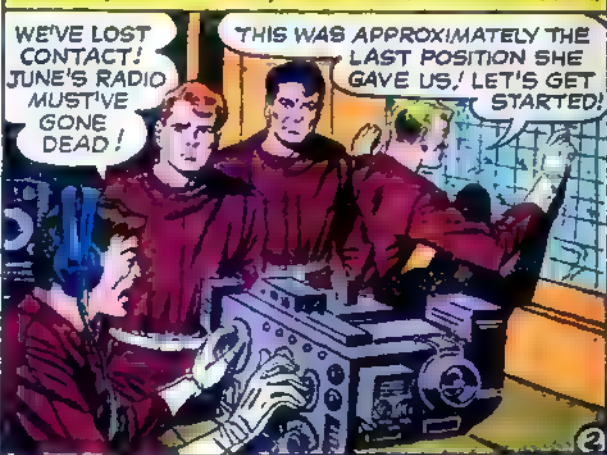


LUCKILY, I'VE GOT A FEW DRY MATCHES LEFT-- AND, WHAT'S THIS? A LAMP!

AS SHE LIGHTS IT, THE FUMES ASSAIL HER NOSTRILS...



AND AT THAT MOMENT, HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY, ARE THE CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN: ACE MORGAN, ROCKY DAVIS, PROF HALEY AND RED RYAN...



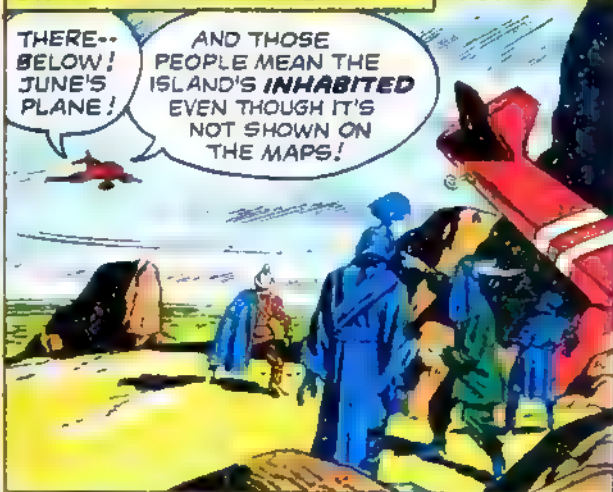
WE'VE LOST CONTACT! JUNE'S RADIO MUST'VE GONE DEAD!

THIS WAS APPROXIMATELY THE LAST POSITION SHE GAVE US! LET'S GET STARTED!

TOWARD NOON OF THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE CHALLENGERS' FAMILIAR PLANE CIRCLES OVER A PACIFIC ISLAND...

THERE--
BELOW!
JUNE'S
PLANE!

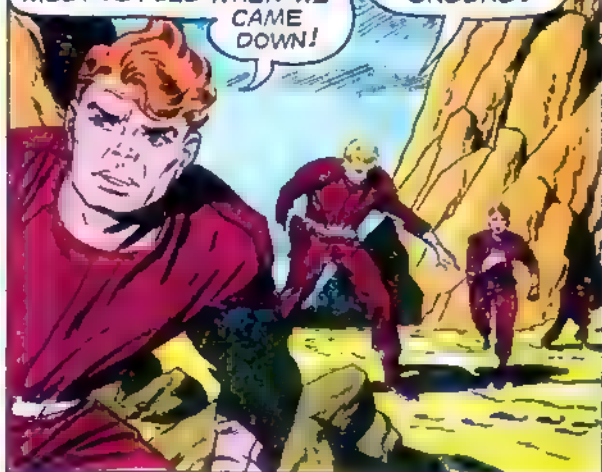
AND THOSE
PEOPLE MEAN THE
ISLAND'S **INHABITED**
EVEN THOUGH IT'S
NOT SHOWN ON
THE MAPS!



SHORTLY AFTER...

THOSE CHARACTERS
MUST'VE FLED WHEN WE
CAME
DOWN!

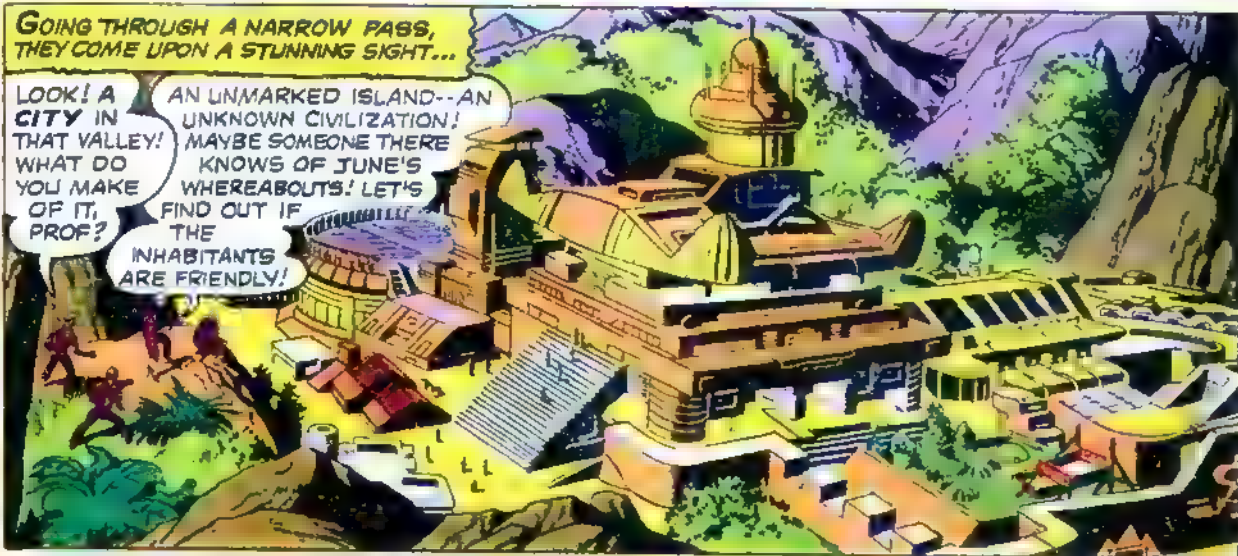
HERE ARE JUNE'S
BOOT TRACKS STILL
WET IN THE
GROUND!



GOING THROUGH A NARROW PASS, THEY COME UPON A STUNNING SIGHT...

LOOK! A
CITY IN
THAT VALLEY!
WHAT DO
YOU MAKE
OF IT,
PROF?

AN UNMARKED ISLAND--AN
UNKNOWN CIVILIZATION!
MAYBE SOMEONE THERE
KNOWS OF JUNE'S
WHEREABOUTS! LET'S
FIND OUT IF
THE
INHABITANTS
ARE FRIENDLY!



BUT BEFORE THEY CAN TAKE A STEP...

WE'VE GOT
OUR ANSWER,
PROF!



THIS ISN'T HELPING
US TO FIND JUNE!
LET'S BREAK CLEAR
OF THESE CHARACTERS
AND TAKE OFF!





CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN



SHAKING OFF THEIR ATTACKERS, THE CHALLENGERS ASCEND A HILLSIDE, AND...

WAIT! THERE'S A GIRL! SHE LOOKS LIKE A PRINCESS!

PRINCESS, MY EYE! TAKE A BETTER LOOK!



YOU'RE RIGHT, ACE! IT IS JUNE! AND SHE'S WAVING AT US!

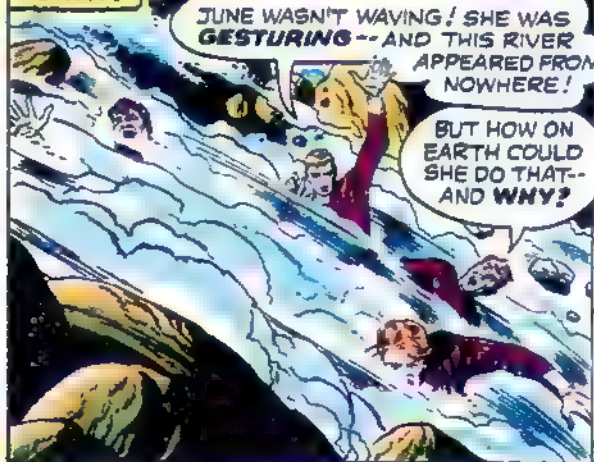
THEN EVERYTHING MUST BE ALL RIGHT! LET'S GO UP TO HER!



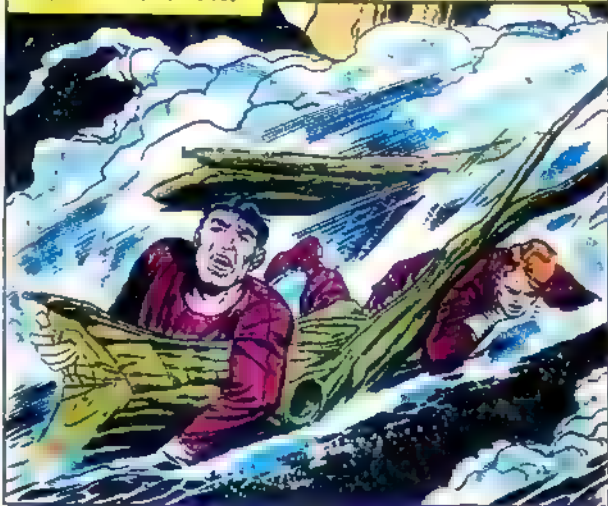
BUT, SUDDENLY, THE INCREDIBLE OCCURS! THE HILLSIDE OPENS UP--AND A STREAM RUSHES FORTH!

JUNE WASN'T WAVING! SHE WAS GESTURING--AND THIS RIVER APPEARED FROM NOWHERE!

BUT HOW ON EARTH COULD SHE DO THAT--AND WHY?

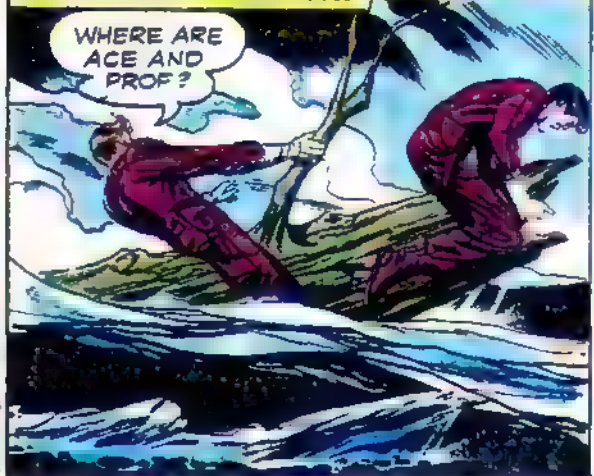


SPOTTING A FLOATING TREE, ROCKY AND RED REACH FOR IT...



...AND, CLAMBERING ABOARD, RIDE IT OVER THE CHURNING RAPIDS...

WHERE ARE ACE AND PROF?



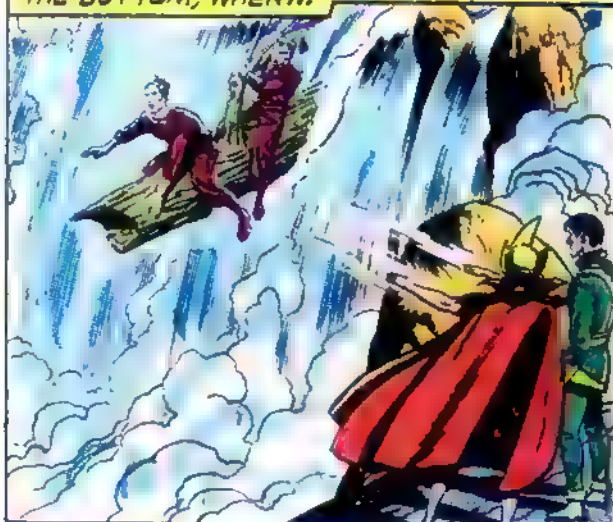
CAN'T SEE 'EM ANYWHERE!



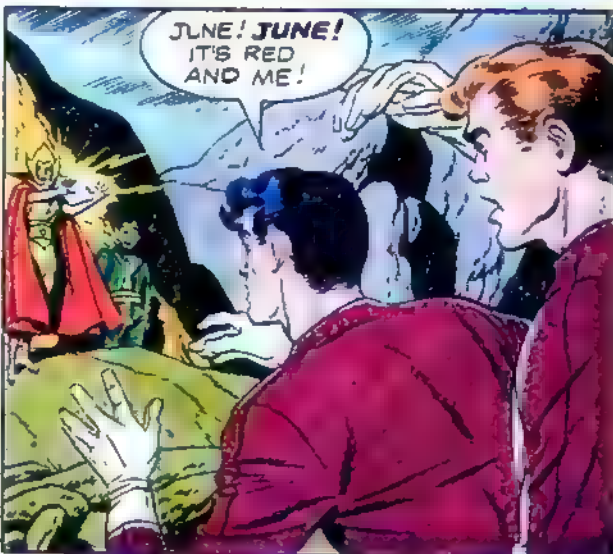
BEHIND, PROF AND ACE STRUGGLE TO GRIP JUTTING BOULDERS...



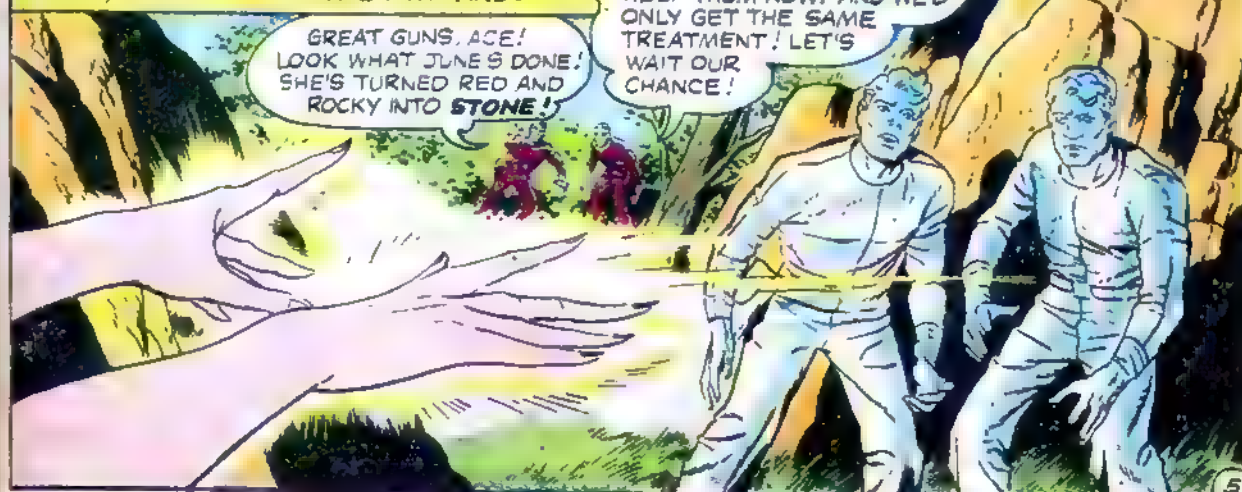
ROCKY AND RED ARE JUST ABOUT TO REACH THE BOTTOM, WHEN...

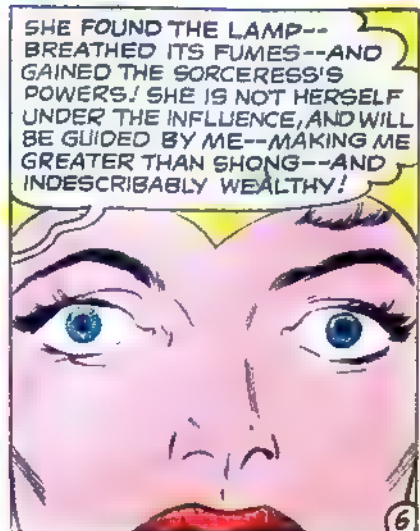
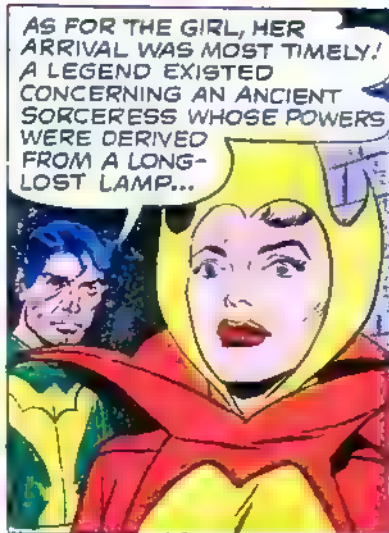
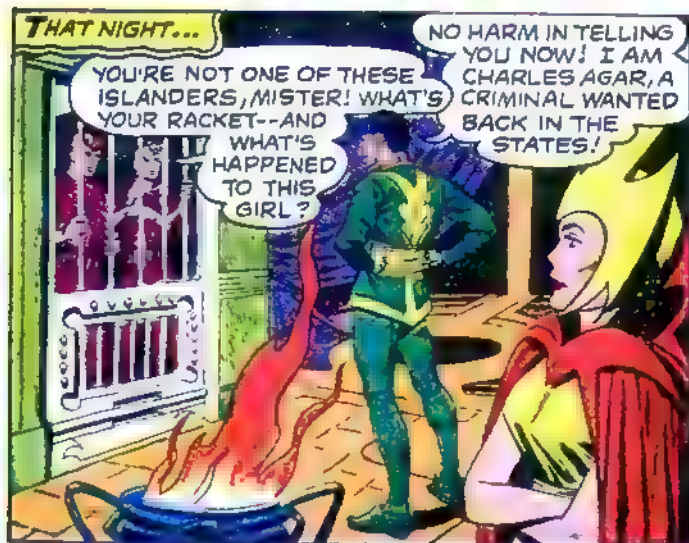
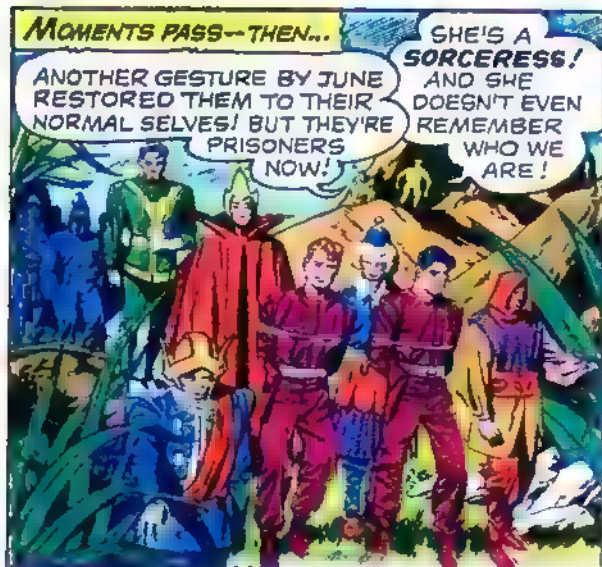


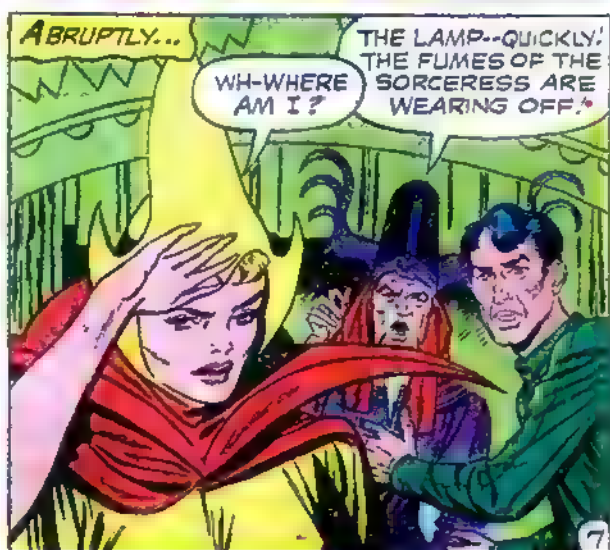
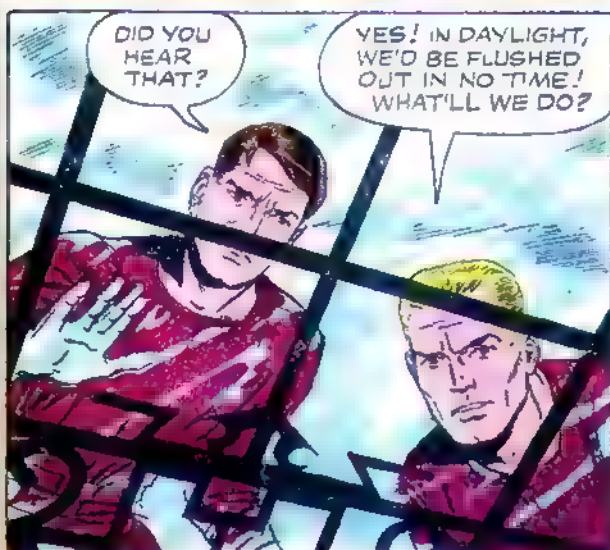
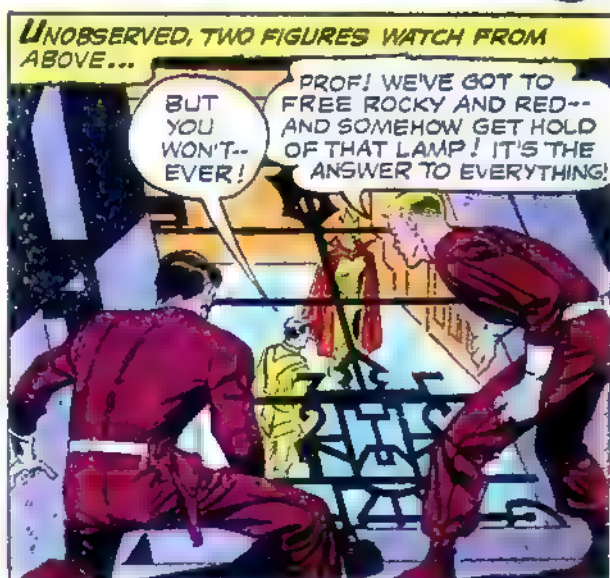
...JUNE GESTURES, AND THE RIVER SUDDENLY VANISHES!

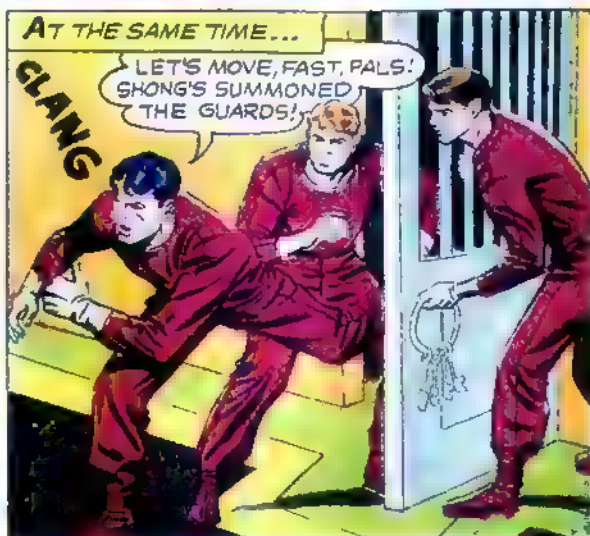
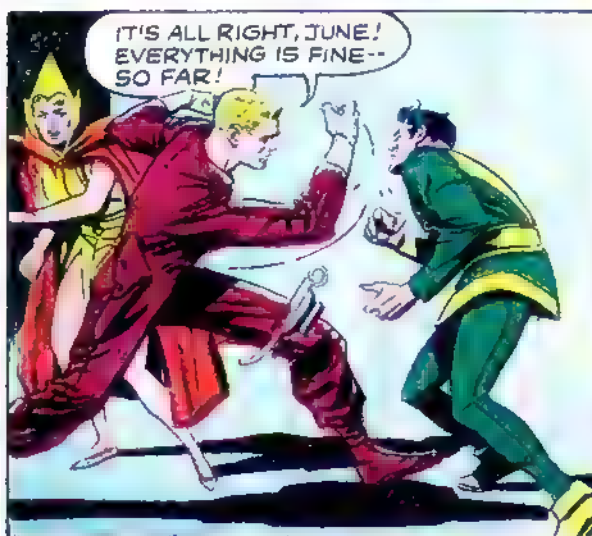
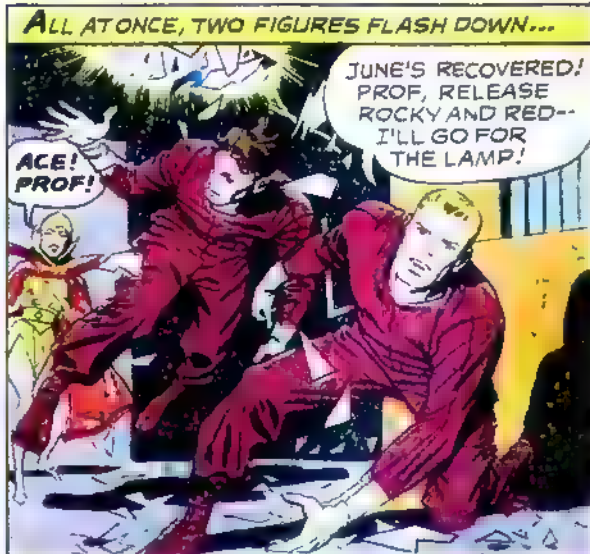


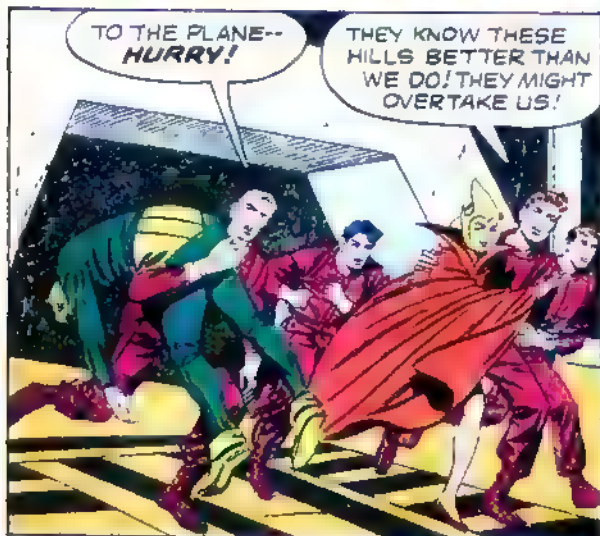
FINDING THEMSELVES, AMAZINGLY, ON SOLID GROUND, ACE AND PROF RACE FORWARD!

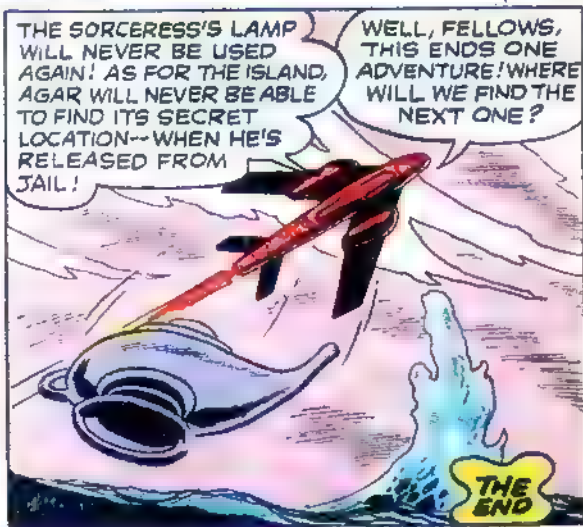
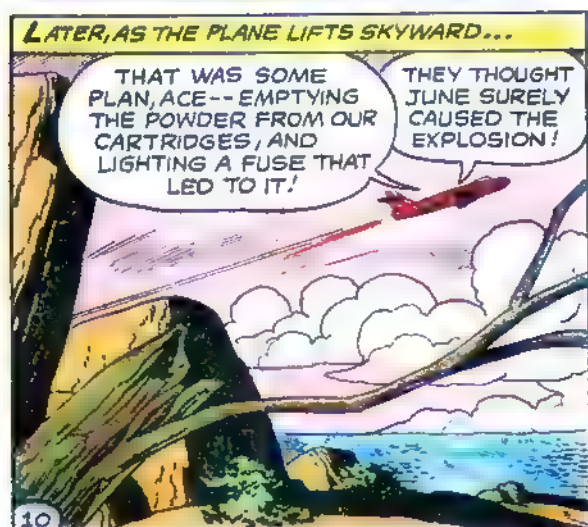
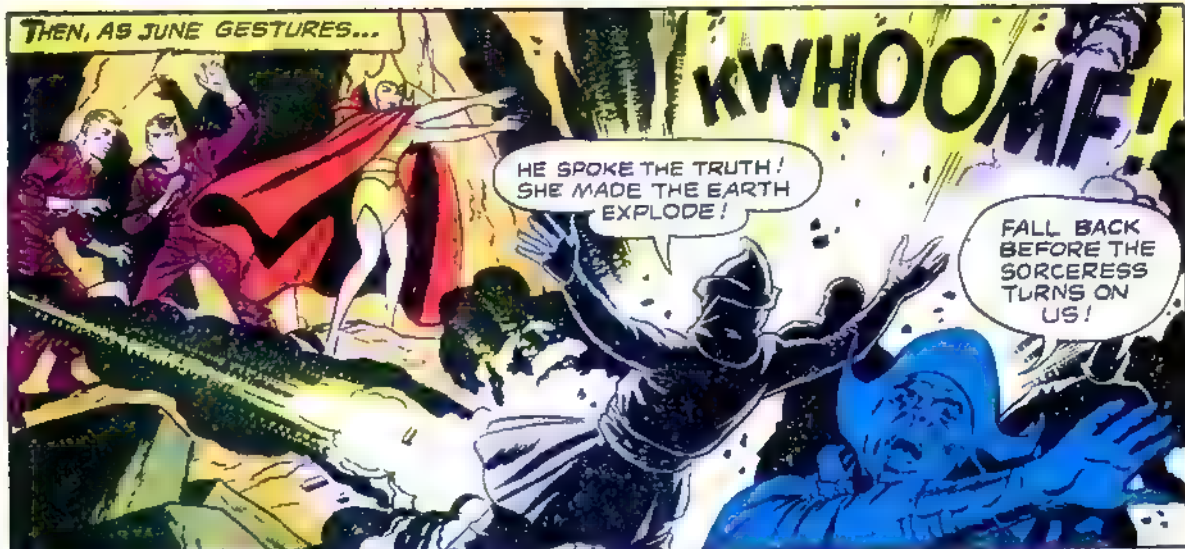




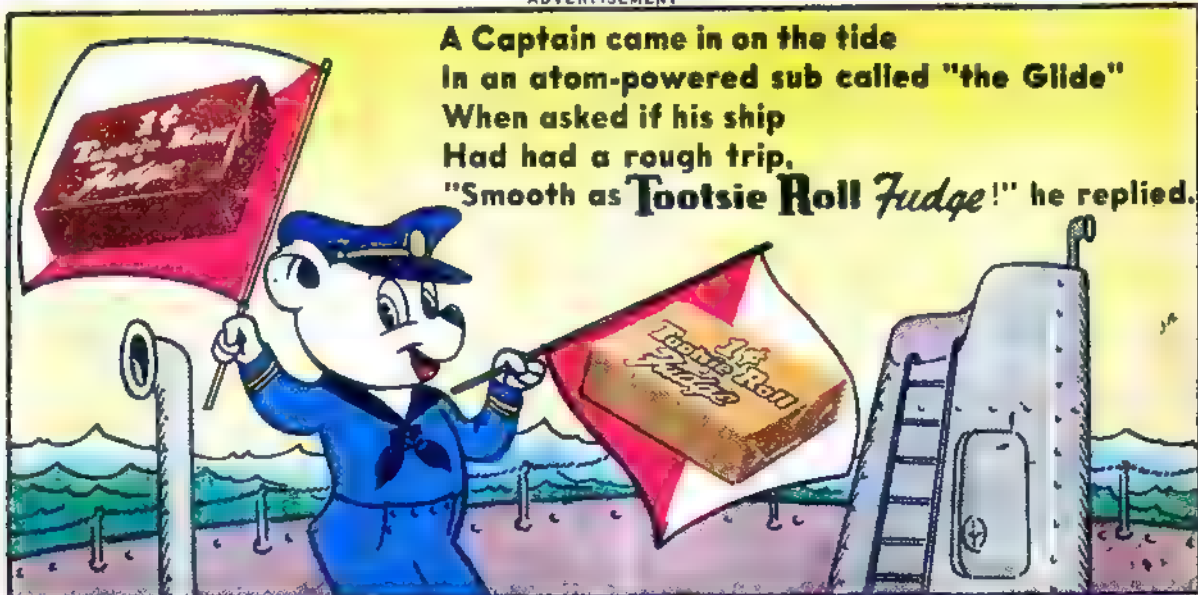








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Ghostly MINERS

NOT LONG AGO, MINERS OF THE LION'S COAL CORP. WORKING MILES BELOW IN THE WATIS MINES OF UTAH, CAME UPON A HUGE DEPOSIT OF ALREADY MINED COAL! DELIGHTED, THEY SCOOPED UP THE LOOSE COAL AND QUICKLY FILLED CAR AFTER CAR WITH IT!



NEXT DAY, THERE WAS MORE LOOSE COAL, AND MORE AND MORE... BY NOW, MANY WERE CONVINCED THAT A GHOSTLY MINER WAS AT WORK AND THEY REFUSED TO GO DOWN THE SHAFT! SOME SAID THEY COULD HEAR GHOSTLY MINING OPERATIONS GOING ON DEEP IN THE EARTH!



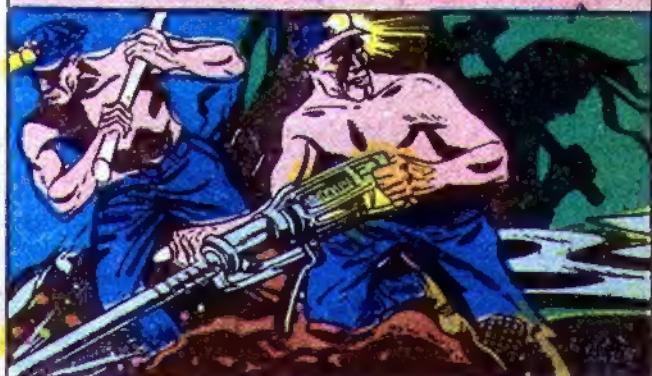
OTHERS, PERHAPS A BIT KEYED UP BY EVENTS, CLAIMED THEY ACTUALLY SAW GHOSTLY FORMS AT WORK IN THE DARK RECESSES! FINALLY, A COMPANY ENGINEER BRAVED THE SUPERNATURAL AND INVESTIGATED!



HE FOUND THAT THE NEWLY MINED COAL SLID IN EACH DAY FROM AN ABANDONED SHAFT LOCATED IN AN UNEXPLORED SECTION OF THE MINE, AND APPARENTLY HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD! AN ANCIENT RACE HAD ACTUALLY MINED COAL HERE BUT TIME HAD OBLITERATED ALL OUTSIDE SIGNS OF A MINE ENTRANCE!



HISTORY SAYS THAT THE HOPI INDIANS WERE KNOWN TO MINE FOR PRECIOUS STONES (1100 TO 1600 A.D.) HOWEVER, SOME OF THE MINERS STILL GLANCE ANXIOUSLY OVER THEIR SHOULDERS AS THEY WORK!



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2. Each month (for as long as you wish) you receive a big bargain package of colorful, exciting, valuable stamps from all over the world — guaranteed to be worth over \$2.00 — for only \$1.50.
3. The stamps will always be different from those you have previously received from the Club — so you have no "duplicate" problems! Your collection grows bigger and more valuable FAST!
4. You never have to pay in advance.
5. The cost is LOW and always the same — you don't need a lot of spending money to enjoy this.
6. You ALSO get a FREE package of stamps, worth at least 50¢ with every fourth regular monthly shipment.

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Lotta-Stamps-A-Month Club, Dept. 9-NC-2,
Littleton, New Hampshire

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Also send me my first month's "Lotta-Stamps" package. As a member, I am entitled to receive a different "Lotta-Stamps" package (worth at least \$2.00, or even more) every month for only \$1.50, payable AFTER I receive it.

With each fourth package, I am to receive — FREE — as an extra Club gift — a packet of stamps worth 50¢ or more. I am NOT obligated to take any fixed number of packages and may quit the Club any time.

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REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

mother

God took the Sunshine
from the Skies
And made the Lovelight
in your eyes
He gave you breath
And with his love
made yours divine
But best of all
HE MADE YOU
mine

CHILD'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down
To Sleep
I pray the Lord
my soul to keep
If I should Die before
I Wake,
I pray the Lord
my soul to take

The Way Of The
CROSS
AS HOME

Love
one another
AS I HAVE
LOVED
YOU

God Bless
OUR
HOME

WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO ➡

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

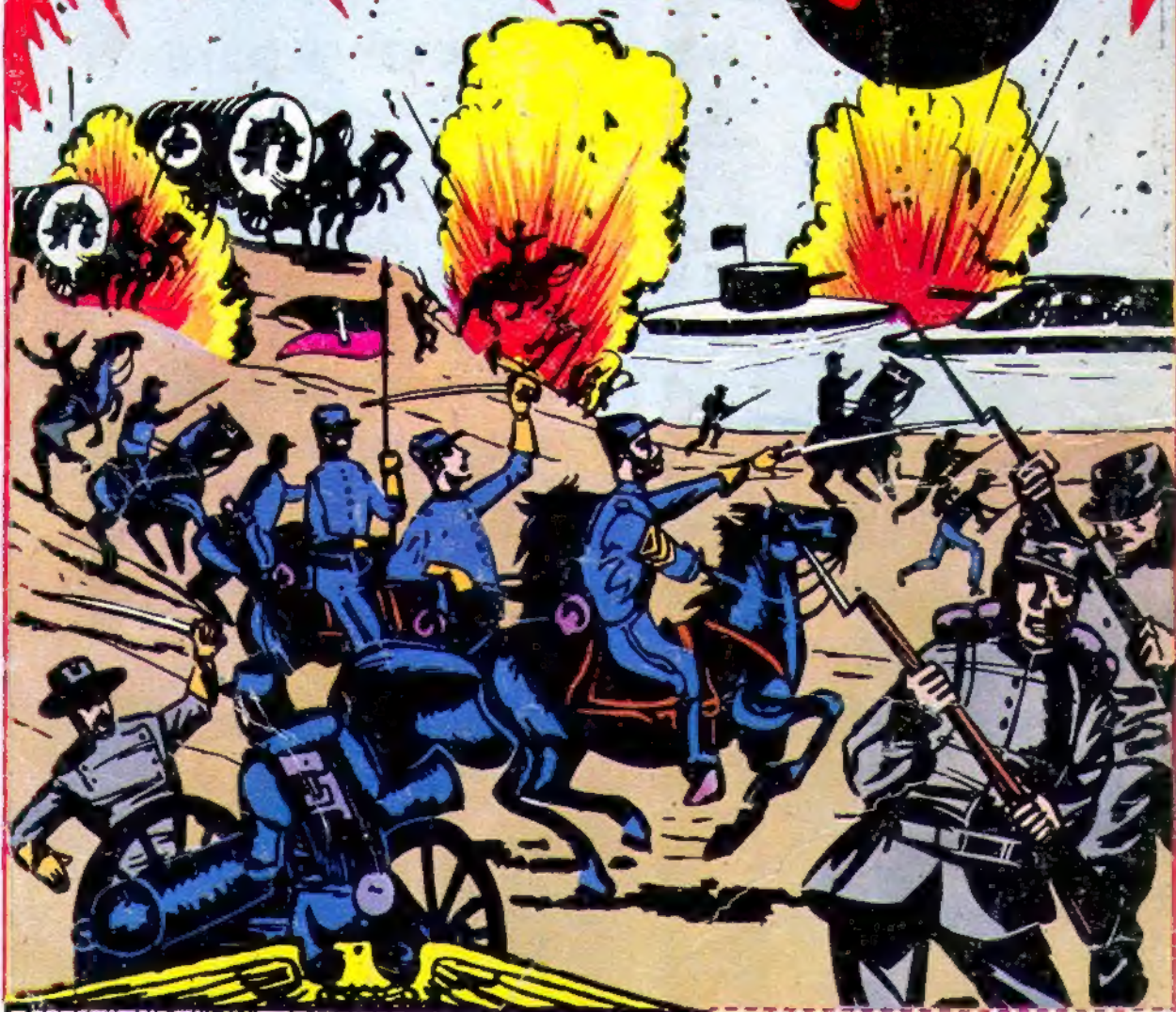
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